

## Truth or Dare

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## Truth or Dare

by [GhostyOceans](#)

### Summary

“Truth or dare, George?” Sapnap asked slowly.

"Truth."

“Is Dream hard right now?”

George shifted his hips, pressing his ass down into Dream’s lap. Right onto Dream’s steadily hardening cock.

An innocent night of getting high together turns into a dirty game of truth or dare.

### Notes

In this fic Dream and George are in an established relationship, and so are Karl and Sapnap!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It was a typical night, one that the four friends had quite often. George, Sapnap, Dream, and Karl

were all sitting in a circle around a couple boxes of pizza and some candles. George had a joint held delicately between his pale fingers, taking hits every so often.

Sapnap, on the other hand, had a bong he was sharing between Karl and himself. None of them were too high yet, but Dream could feel himself relaxing into the carpet by the second.

Karl giggled at something dumb Sapnap had said, before grabbing a piece of pizza and turning to the other two.

“Do you guys wanna play truth or dare?” he asked, leaning back on his left hand. George just shrugged, taking another hit and tapping Dream on the shoulder. Instinctively Dream leaned over and placed his lips delicately on George’s, breathing in the smoke. He had to lean down, the smaller boy tilting his head up to match Dream’s angle. The smooth smoke slipped between their lips, and Dream smiled through the hit.

George always had a higher tolerance, so they preferred to have George shotgun it to Dream instead of Dream taking it all in at once. It made it easier for the strength of their highs to match. He gave a chaste kiss to George before moving away and pulling his knees to his chest.

“I’m down, if the other two are,” Dream said, looking over at Sapnap. Sapnap nodded with a relaxed smile.

“No lame questions though.”

“Who’s goin’ first?” George muttered, his head tilting back with his eyes closed.

“I can,” Karl said. “Truth or dare, George?”

George’s head rolled to the side. “Hmm, truth.”

Karl looked up, considering his words, before smiling at Dream and George. “When did you two first have sex? Online or otherwise. You never told us,” Karl giggled, hiding his face behind his free hand.

Dream snorted, and looked over at George. His face flushed red, but he didn't seem too outwardly bothered by the question. In fact, he was the one to answer.

"After a manhunt, actually. We had been together for a couple weeks, but we had to build up courage 'cause Discord sex is cringe," he laughed, took another hit, and continued. "We just jacked off together, nothing crazy, but it was fun."

"Which manhunt?" Sapnap piped up.

"Four hunters, I think," Dream waved his hands in front of himself, brow furrowed. "Not sure." He leaned forward to grab another piece of pizza, and stuffed it in his mouth. The taste of weed was never one of his favourite things, but it was worth it for the feeling. He gestured towards George with the slice. "Go."

"Truth or dare Sapnap?" George smiled, leaning forward. Sapnap pondered for a second, before deciding on truth. "What's the most times you've come in one night?"

"Dude, really?" Sapnap barked, laughter bubbling up. Karl and Dream joined in as well.

"It's all I could think of," George giggled. "Now answer!"

Sapnap looked at Karl, before turning back to the two other boys. "I aced Destroy-Dick-December last year," he said, face stoic. Their jaws dropped.

"No way, how did that not hurt?" Dream asked in complete shock. Sapnap just shrugged.

"Damn," George exhaled. He took another hit from his joint, and shotgunned it to Dream. "That's commitment. Did Karl help?" Karl snorted at that, his face going red.

"Obviously." Sapnap passed the bong to Karl, and stretched his arms. The only sounds in the room were Sapnap's phone playing rap, and the faint bubbling of Karl's drag. "Uh, George, truth or dare?"

"I literally just went. Ask Dream or Karl."

“I don’t care. Now choose,” Sapnap said smugly.

George rolled his eyes. “Fine. Truth.”

“No fun, nobody’s done dare yet,” Dream chided.

“Oh, whatever Dream. You haven’t been asked anything.”

“George chooses dare,” Dream said through a mouthful of pizza.

“Sit on Dream’s lap.”

“Really? That’s it?” George laughed, and shifted to his knees. He shuffled over to Dream, who opened his legs, and plopped down onto Dream’s thighs. He leaned back, rolling his head onto Dream’s shoulder with an exhale. He was small against the other man, his body encased by Dream’s arms. His warmth seeped into Dream’s chest, making his heart flutter.

George took another puff from his joint, and blew the smoke into the air above him this time. He giggled to himself, and snuffed it out on the ashtray.

His hand ran up and down Dream’s leg as he relaxed into the other’s body. Dream would be lying if he said it didn’t go straight to his dick. That was one of the main effects he had always felt when high, it made him majorly horny.

Him and George had had sex while high before, and it turned out to be one of their favourite things. They didn’t do it too often, it was more of a treat for the two.

George shifted on Dream’s lap, and he froze. He turned to face Dream, and upon meeting his eyes, his eyebrow cocked knowingly. He kissed him on the cheek with a wink, and turned back to the room.

Dream knew what they would be doing later that night.

Sapnap, however, was staring at the two while Karl was busy playing with Sapnap's hair. It had curled over his ears, having not cut it in a while. He brushed Karl's hand away, and squinted at Dream.

"Truth or dare, George?" Sapnap asked slowly. George opened his mouth to protest, but Sapnap lifted a hand. "Truth or dare." It was more of a demand than a question.

"No. I just went. It's my turn to ask," he rolled his eyes.

"Truth or dare?"

"Fine, truth."

"Is Dream hard right now?" Sapnap asked with a devious grin. Karl coughed on his inhale, hitting his chest aggressively. George and Dream both went cherry red. George shifted his hips, pressing his ass down into Dream's lap.

Right onto Dream's steadily hardening cock.

A small strangled noise escaped Dream's throat, and he clapped a hand over his mouth to muffle it just a second too late. "Knew it," Sapnap said, leaning back in satisfaction.

"Shut up, Sapnap," Dream muttered. After a heavy second, George slowly continued his movement, shifting back and forth. Dream's eyes widened and his hands flew up to grab George's hips. "George, cut it out." George began to move off of Dream's lap with a pout, before getting cut off by Karl.

"...No, it's fine. We don't mind," Karl said nonchalantly. Sapnap nodded. Karl put his pizza crust back in one of the boxes, and shut them with his nimble fingers. He stacked them, and shoved them off to the side. He also set the bong away, moving his attention fully onto Dream and George.

The faint candle light flickered across the four men, making the room feel small and intimate.

Hesitantly, George continued to grind down onto Dream steadily, making small pants escape Dream's lips.

Sapnap and Karl were watching intently, and Dream couldn't really blame them. George was beautiful when he got like this; brow glazed in sweat and mouth parted slightly. George reached down to palm himself as he shifted in Dream's lap.

"I can't believe this is happening," Sapnap muttered, and delicately placed a hand on his own crotch. If it were anyone else, the group would probably be too anxious to do anything like this. But they knew each other like the back of their hands, and they were all high. Tonight was a night of pleasure, what more was a little bit of lewd activity?

George let a whine escape his lips, and he locked eyes with Karl. Karl's eyes widened, and he reached down to his own pants. Sapnap grabbed Karl and pulled him closer, swatting away his hand. He unbuttoned Karl's jeans, and slipped a hand under Karl's waistband.

"Can we?" Karl asked before going any further. Both Dream and George nodded.

George's breaths became quicker, and his movements became sloppy. Dream quickly grabbed George's wrist and pulled it away, making George curse under his breath. George fell forward onto his knees, off of Dream, and slipped his thumbs under the waistband of his sweatpants.

"Is this okay?" He whispered to Sapnap and Karl, who both nodded eagerly.

With that, he slipped his pants down and his cock sprung out with a light slap against his stomach. He kicked them to the side. Reaching around his cock, he stroked himself a few times, groaning and closing his eyes.

He savoured the feeling before turning around to help Dream with his pants. He intentionally stuck his ass out at the other two, giving them a nice view.

Soon enough, Dream's cock was out and waiting, the tip red and leaking. He pulled off his shirt along with George, and they threw them off to the side.

Dream felt like his skin was buzzing, the warmth from the weed making everything feel so *good*. He stroked himself as he watched George settle in front of him and Sapnap and Karl jerking each

other off. At some point the other two boys had lost their pants, and were just ready to watch the show.

Dream wrapped an arm around George and pulled him into his lap. His cock was pressed up against George's back, and his legs were spread.

Karl reached behind himself to open a coffee table drawer, and pulled out a small bottle of lube. He squeezed some onto himself and Sapnap, before tossing the bottle to Dream. George sat lazily stroking himself while Dream coated a single finger, and then began to press against George's hole.

He didn't go in, he was just barely touching the ring of muscle, but George immediately began to make small noises. His lips were parted as he jerked himself off, slow but steady. The feeling of Dream teasing his entrance echoed through his body, pleasure coming in waves. He smiled, and pressed into Dream's hand, wordlessly telling him to fuck him on his fingers.

And so, Dream's finger was suddenly pressing into him, making his body clench around the digit. He felt floaty, pure euphoria melting his senses. He caught Karl and Sapnap's gaze, pure lust and desire. Dream inserted a second finger without warning, making George moan. Karl and Sapnap were clearly affected by that, their strokes on each other quickening.

"You're doing so good," Dream muttered in George's ear, making him whine and shut his eyes tightly.

Dream then put in a third finger, and began scissoring, stretching George's ass out. There were small moans escaping George's lips every time Dream moved, the sensation shooting up his spine and down his length. He was warm and high, his brain unable to make sense of anything he felt.

Though the two had high sex every now and then, it always somehow felt better every time. Every time it got more intense, more pleasurable. Every time George wondered how it could *possibly* top the last.

Or maybe he was just high out of his mind.

Dream pressed his fingers in just right, and George curled forward onto himself with a moan. Dream grazed his prostate again, drawing out another beautiful moan from George's pink lips.

“Please,” he muttered, sitting up and letting his weight press into Dream. Dream responded by doing it another time. He tried to keep his composure, not wanting to give Dream the satisfaction of turning him into a moaning mess. But nonetheless he begged, pleas spilling from his lips. Dream didn’t need to ask what he wanted, but he did anyway.

“What, babe?” his free hand reached up to cup George’s jaw, his other still scissoring inside of George. He placed a kiss to the soft skin next to George’s lips. “Use your words.”

“Fuck me, *please* fuck me,” he whined, his hands gripping at Dream’s thighs. Dream responded by removing his fingers, and slicking up his cock with more lube. Soon enough, George could feel it nestled between his cheeks, and sliding up the crease. He tried to press his hips back, but Dream’s hands grabbed him and held him still.

Karl whimpered from a few feet away, Sapnap’s thumb sliding over the tip of his cock every time he slid up. Sapnap’s pace was rapid, leaving Karl chasing the feeling with slight movements of his hips. Watching George becoming a whimpering mess above Dream was one of the most erotic things they had ever seen. Karl tightened his grip on Sapnap, making him gasp quietly.

Dream’s grip on George was tight, sure to leave bruises the next day. He grazed against George’s entrance, before slowly pushing in. George’s weight fell into Dream, begging him to go faster, but Dream wouldn’t allow that.

He took his time, slowly allowing George to sink down onto him. After he had made it about halfway down, he abruptly dropped George, causing him to slam down to the hilt. George let out a choked moan, throwing his head back over Dream’s shoulder.

“I don’t- I don’t think I’ll ever get used to that,” George choked out, eyes screwed shut in pleasure, moving around in order to get used to the size. His nails were digging into Dream’s thighs, sharp crescents marking his skin.

Dream was a lot bigger than George. His body was larger, his dick, everything. He placed a hand on his stomach, feeling and seeing Dream’s cock protrude from his belly. He kept his hand there as Dream began to move him, lifting and dropping rhythmically.

Their senses were heightened, feeling every inch of the other on their skin. It was pure bliss, as Dream began to lift George and bring him back down again. The lewd sound of the lube mixed with the music playing, and the four boy’s small pants.

Karl came first, with Sapnap getting carried away with his movement on him. He came all over Sapnap's hand, and Sapnap promptly brought it to his lips, licking it while keeping eye contact with Karl.

"That- that's fucking- ugh..." George stuttered, trying to compose himself. "F-fucking disgusting, Sapnap." Sapnap just held his gaze while licking the remnants of Karl's cum with a grin.

Karl leaned into Sapnap, and his lips replaced his hand. He began to bob up and down on Sapnap's cock, letting his jaw go loose. Sapnap grabbed Karl's hair, and threw his head back in pure bliss.

Dream brought a hand up to George's throat, squeezing the sides lightly. "Give Sapnap a show, George," he grunted, "he hasn't even come yet." George moaned as Dream shifted underneath him, giving him more leverage to thrust up into George.

George began to feel the familiar warmth pool in his gut, and he gently squeezed Dream's thigh. Dream immediately halted his vigorous movement, instead favouring long and slow thrusts. George keened, leaning forward so his hands were pressed into the carpet.

He locked eyes with Sapnap, moaning slowly as Dream shifted behind him. Sapnap pulled Karl off by his hair with a lewd pop, and reached forward to the ashtray. He jerked himself off slowly while he lit the end of the joint again, and took a hit.

He blew the smoke into the air, savouring the burn and taste, before handing it off to Karl. Karl took a hit of his own with his swollen lips, before placing the joint delicately between George's.

George brought a hand up to grab it, and inhaled deeply, focusing so he wouldn't cough. His head was fuzzy, the feeling of the weed and Dream fucking him almost too much to handle.

He took another hit. He held the joint between his lips, and pushed his hips back into Dream, making him gasp, before pulling away and pushing Dream onto his ass. He straddled Dream, facing him this time, and Dream took both of their dicks in one hand.

Karl's lips were back on Sapnap's cock, their senses feeling warm and intense again. Sapnap's attention was on Karl, not paying attention to George and Dream's activities anymore.

George took another inhale, this time holding the smoke in his lungs and kissing Dream deeply.

Dream's tongue swept across George's lip, and George opened his mouth, exhaling into Dream's. George moaned into Dream's mouth as his pace quickened.

"You are so fucking hot," Dream grunted. George responded by kissing him again, tongue exploring the inside of Dream's mouth.

Dream's hand covered George's cock completely, barely needing to move in order to feel George entirely. Their size difference was something that got to both of them, somewhat of a fetish. The first time they slept together, Dream finished after only a few minutes due to feeling drunk over how easy it was to throw George around the way he liked.

Sapnap's grip on Karl's hair got tighter, and he began to shift his hips up to meet Karl's pace. After a few seconds of quiet moans, he stuttered, and curled forwards. Karl hummed around Sapnap, sinking down as he sucked Sapnap off through his orgasm. When he pulled off, there was no evidence of him coming. Karl looked at him with a dopey smile, wiping any saliva off his lips with the back of his hand.

The two settled into each other, pulling up their pants and tucking themselves away while they watched George and Dream.

They were both getting close, their moans and gasps matching perfectly. George curled into Dream's chest, whimpering and looking for support. Dream's pace on their cocks quickened, George's nails on his shoulders only egging him on.

George bit down onto Dream's neck, suppressing a moan as he came over their stomachs. Dream came seconds after, coating his hand and George's dick. He gave them both another pump, riding them through, before letting go and letting George collapse against his chest.

George exhaled, before taking another hit from the joint. It was almost out. "That was—"

"—we should do that again," Karl interrupted, his voice rough and used. The other three nodded.

George shifted away from Dream, grabbing his discarded shirt and using it to wipe himself and Dream off. He passed the joint away to Karl, giving him permission to use the rest of it with Sapnap. He pulled on his pants and curled up next to Dream.

"I'm so damn tired," Dream muttered, running a hand through his hair. They all agreed, faces flushed red and skin coated in a thin layer of sweat.

Karl and Sapnap shared a quick kiss, and George moved to grab the pizza boxes.

They had no clue how they had ended up like this from a game of truth or dare, but they weren't complaining. They all knew each other so well, it made sense for the two couples to eventually end up messing around together.

If anything, this might become a regular activity for their weekly get-togethers.

## End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! I made [a twitter](#) so go follow that if you would like! 18+ only please, as it can be nsfw.

Kudos and comments greatly appreciated! I'd love to hear what you think :)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!